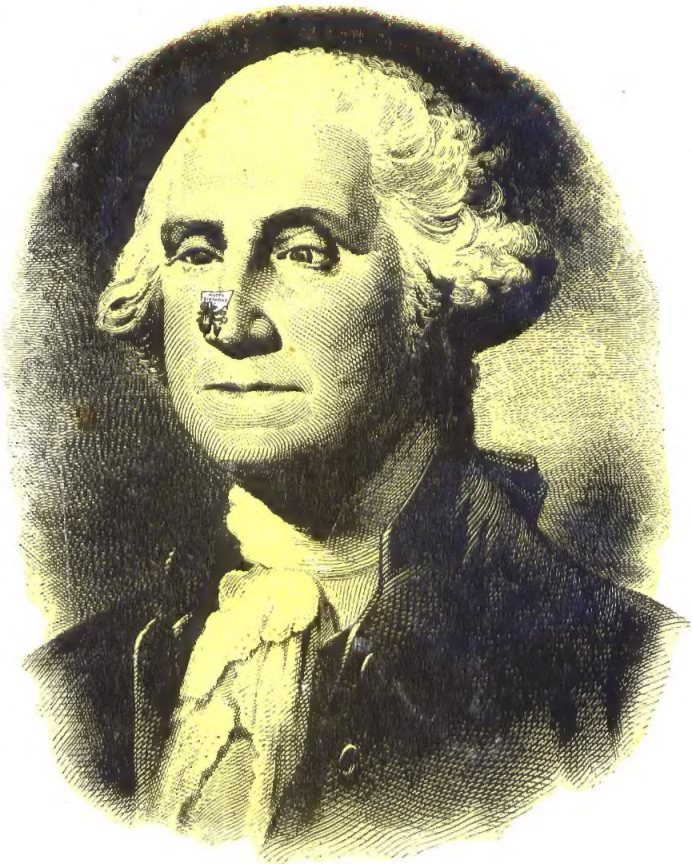
CDC
APRIL
1958

HUMBUG

15¢



SCARED YOU, HEY?

That's HUMBUG for you... full of surprises and shocks!

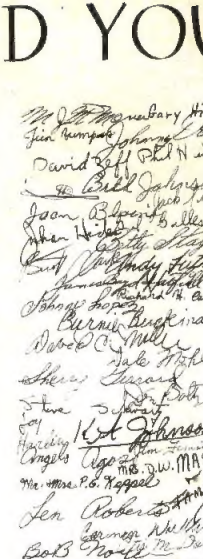
Forinstance — this issue will have 32 pages that will positively electrify you. You see—they are all blank.

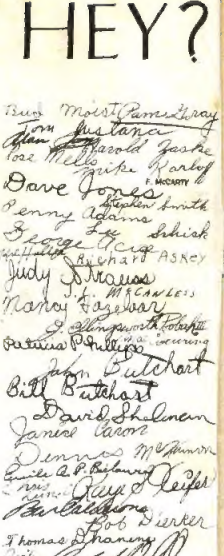
All kidding aside, we're starting our letter page here because we've gotten more mail than we have room for.

Before we get into our regular letters — 2 issues back we printed a petition and here are some of the signatures we've received...

A PETITION

I, hereby, petition the president of the U.S. to appoint John Kasper as our first Ambassador to Mars.





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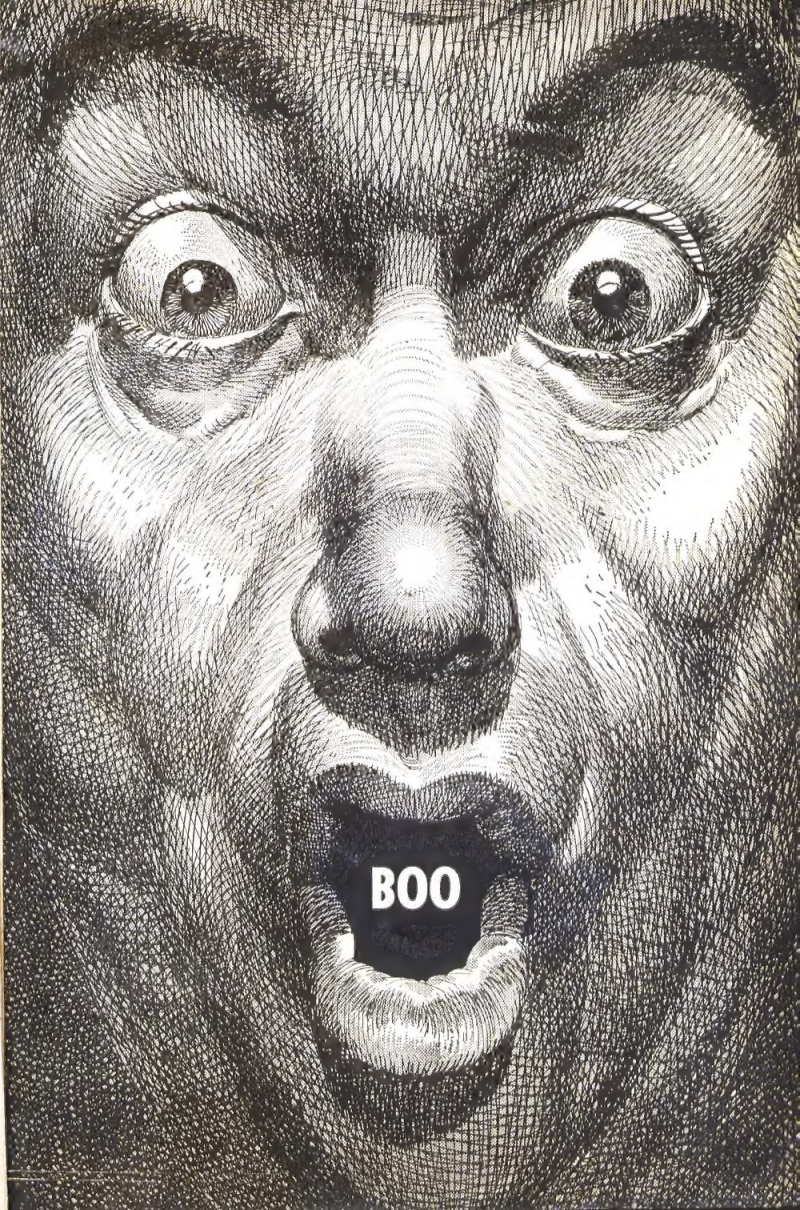

BOO

REPORT ON SHAVING AIDS

Modern methods bring amazing results.

BEFORE THE SHAVE

Thru the ages man has searched for smoother more comfortable ways to shave. In primitive times he had only a sharpened piece of flint rock to hack away at his face with. Today he has new preparations, lotions, medications, and a sparkling hollow-ground finely honed piece of steel to do the job with.

As television so often points out, the magnificent ritual of shaving has been developed almost into an art. It begins with sensuously scented soap which cleanses the face skin. This is followed by velvety pre-shave cream which conditions the beard. Then comes feather-foamy lather to set up each whisker. Tingly tangy after-shave lotion cools and refreshes, while a dash of fluffy wuffy talc (with that HE-MAN aroma) rounds out the whole delightful experience. What with these new discoveries and advances, the shaving ceremony has come a long way since the old flint rock days. The wonder of it all can only evoke from us a breathless "why?"

AFTER THE SHAVE

SCIENTIFIC DIAGRAMS REVEAL PROPERTIES OF SHAVING AIDS.

OLD FASHIONED WAY

Whiskers normally grow wildly in all directions.

Big bubbles merely weigh down and bend the hairs.

As a result, whiskers are cut unevenly and sloppily.

NEW SHAVING CREAM WAY

We have the same crooked, wild, twisted whiskers.

With fine lather, millions of tiny bubbles attack.

Hairs stand erect and out, leftovers are razored up.

MODERN ELECTRIC SHAVER WAY

Electric shavers are popular and less irritating.

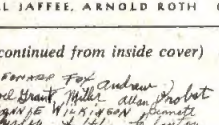
But common complaint is inability to shave close.

The improved models shave close, get "hidden beard."

HUMBUG

EDITOR-HARVEY KURTZMAN MANAGER-HARRY CHESTER ASST. EDITORS-JACK DAVIS, WILL ELDER
AL JAFFEE, ARNOLD ROTH CONTRIBUTORS-RUSS HEATH, HARRY PURVIS, LAWRENCE SIEGEL

(continued from inside cover)



. . . we could go on for another page, but we won't. We're sending the petition to Washington and in plenty of time to work into the moon-rocket program.

Dear editor Harvey Kurtzman:

. . . what's this Christmas issue? Didn't you realize you'd attract all sorts to our snug, select little group of readers? Shame! Could it be that even Humbug, that ever-vigilant pursuer of Truth and Justice and like that, has succumbed to the American Christmas Spirit – Avarice? Never mind – I love you anyway.

—Judith Milhon
Cleveland, Ohio

May I suggest that you publish articles on "Pathos Jokes" (e.g. Little boy: "Can Johnny come out'n play baseball?" Startled mother: "You know Johnny is a quadruple amputee!" Little boy: "That's right, but we still need a second base." —Howard Brown
Yonkers, N. Y.

Pathos jokes are the jazziest form of entertainment to come along since they threw Christians to the lions. Let's throw Pathos Joke-Tellers to the lions. — ed.

. . . Just finished reading Christmas issue and amazed at sloppy job of editing the letters column.

Like take my letter for instance. If you don't have room to print everything you want to, you could have condensed the joke I sent. I mean, ". . . so this guy in the Chinese restaurant opened a fortune cookie . . ." is funny enough to stand by itself without the elaboration following. But how can you, in all honesty, abbreviate the signature: "Bob Drews, star of the DETOUR WITH DREWS disc jockey show from 5:30 to 9 A. M. Monday through Saturday on KOIL, Omaha, Nebraska" to the almost meaningless: "B. Drews, KOIL, Omaha, Neb."?

—B. Drews, KOIL
Omaha, Neb.

Whyncha print them (subscription) kupons on paper you can write on with something beside a branding iron?

Name and address misplaced

If a branding iron isn't handy—why don't you try a tattoo needle? — ed.

Your parody on how various personages would tell the Christmas Poem was laughs, much laughs. However (here comes the gripe) you very foolishly included the name of the Pope. You must realize that venerable institutions are not the proper subjects for parody.

. . . Unless you cease and desist from such writing in poor taste, I will have to do without the reading of Humbug, much as I like it and think it is a tonic and cure for phoniness.

—Ben Calderone,
Station KCSR
Chadron, Neb.

Humbug *does not* parody the Pope or religion. Read the poem again KCSR. — ed.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

SHAVING AIDS 2
JAILBREAK ROCK 5
GEORGE WASHINGTON . . . 8
CAR MAGAZINES 9
FILM FINISHES 14
MIAMI 15
HUMBUG OF THE MONTH 18
MARJORIE MORNINGSUN . . 19
SNOW SCULPTURE 21
OLD SPUTNIK PRINTS 25
TV CHOREOGRAPHY 29

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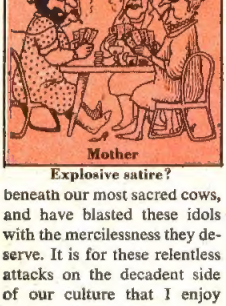
Congratulations . . . As you realize, Humbug is more than just a form of entertainment. In this age of enforced conformity, Humbug is noticeably individualistic. You have placed your explosive satire



Explosive satire?

beneath our most sacred cows, and have blasted these idols with the mercilessness they deserve. It is for these relentless attacks on the decadent side of our culture that I enjoy your magazine most.

—Richard Christman
Bucyrus, Ohio

We did that?!! — ed.

. . . As far as I know, no newsstand in Georgia carries Humbug. You'd better look into that! —Lane Brown
Marietta, Ga.

Thank you readers who have informed to us on Humbug-less newsstands. This information helps in spreading Humbug and its philosophy of creeping meatball-ism. Such additional information and ratting will be appreciated.

— ed.

. . . Forgive my prolixity, but I have a few comments to make which, in my opinion, might help Humbug . . . Humbug cannot sell when people don't even know that it is alive . . . it was only by chance that I discovered your magazine. Yet, I think that I am one of a group of most likely purchasers. Perhaps I am a pessimist, but if you depend entirely on newsstands for your sales to the public, I cannot forsee Humbug's survival. Humbug must be made available to the group which contains the largest proportion of prospective readers, and I feel that that group is composed of the American college students.

Let them hear that there is a new magazine edited by Harvey Kurtzman and others, formerly of Mad.

My other comment regarding Humbug relates to content. Not only is your magazine manned by former Mad staffers, it is attempting to emulate Mad. Please don't.

It is not that I consider Mad to be perfect. Far from it. My protest stems from selfish motives. I would be euphorically happy to see two vibrant humor magazines, Humbug and Mad. But I think the chance of seeing this will be wafer-thin if Humbug is Mad, or vice versa.

The field of humor is an extremely broad one. I recall that when Danny Kaye spoke before a Harvard Law School audience last year, he was almost angry when someone in the audience asked him who his favorite comedian was. He immediately retorted, "What *kind* of comedian?" Then he proceeded to give his favorites in six or seven well-defined categories. In other words, there is latitude within the category of "humor" for Humbug to be completely and refreshingly different from Mad.

Thank you for bearing with me this long. I know that gratuitous advice can be a pain in the rear end. –J S. Dushoff
Phoenix, Arizona

I mean I'd like to subscribe . . . as you handle this money remember the curse of Elsa Maxwell, Jack Paar and Dody Goodman is upon you . . .

—Dennis Flannigan
Tacoma, Wash.

. . . (I bet you a lacky handles things like this) Please send me back issues 1, 2, 3 and 5. —C. H. Larson, Jr.
Altadena, Calif.

P.S. I bet you are wondering about #4 and why I'm in Montana. You must get a slug of smart-aleck letters like this one!

I bet you! — ed.

Which reminds us of our commercials, which are as follows

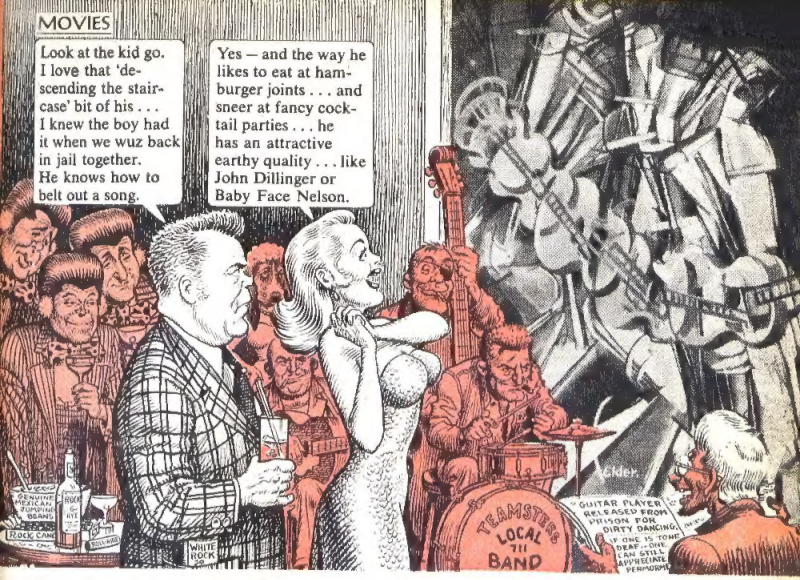
SUBSCRIPTIONS as usual are $2.00 for 14 issues — a just right birthday gift for that man who has everything (see inside cover).

BACK ISSUES of Humbug are available at 20¢ per issue. We've received so many requests for these, we're binding a complete collection of the first six Humbug magazines between hard covers and selling the resultant book for $2.50 — which is slightly more than cost to us.

Complete collection

HUMBUG DIGEST — This paperbound collection of Humbug is available at your local bookrack for 35¢ if you've got any money left. — ed.

Address mail to HUMBUG 598 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

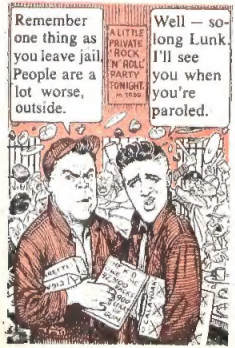

Look at the kid go. I love that 'descending the staircase' bit of his . . . I knew the boy had it when we wuz back in jail together. He knows how to belt out a song.
Yes — and the way he likes to eat at hamburger joints . . . and sneer at fancy cocktail parties . . . he has an attractive earthy quality . . . like John Dillinger or Baby Face Nelson.
GENUINE MEXICAN JUMPING BEANS
ROCK CANE
WHITE ROCK
TEAMSTERS LOCAL 711 BAND
GUITAR PLAYER RELEASED FROM PRISON FOR DIRTY DANCING.
IF ONE IS TONE DEAF, ONE CAN STILL APPRECIATE PERCUSSION
Elder

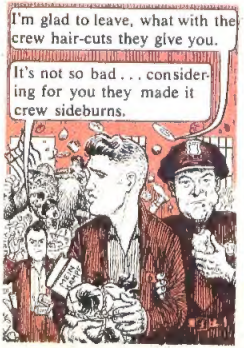
JAILBREAK ROCK

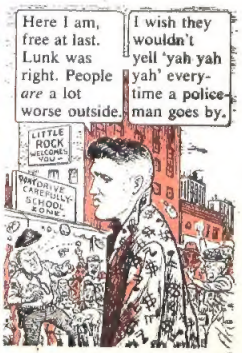
Go see the Jailbreak Rock . . . and Roll
Go see the Jailbreak Rock . . . and Roll
Go see the Jailbreak Rock . . . and Roll
Go see the Jailbreak Rock . . . and Roll

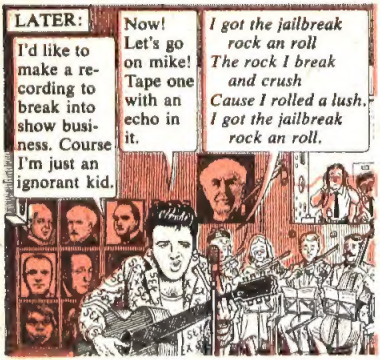
Go see the Jailbreak Rock . . . and Roll
Go see the Jailbreak Rock . . . and Roll
Go see the Jailbreak Rock . . . and Roll
You'll hate it!

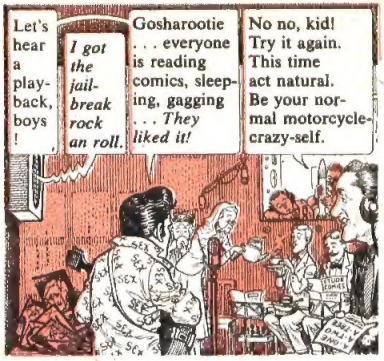
Copyright 1958 by Wanna Music Corp.

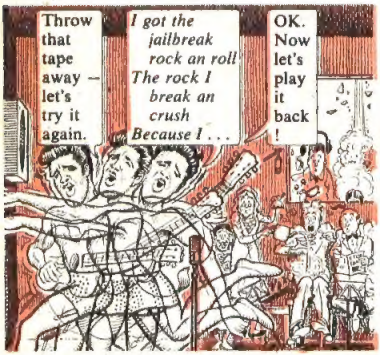

Remember one thing as you leave jail. People are a lot worse, outside.
A LITTLE PRIVATE ROCK 'N' ROLL PARTY TONIGHT IN THE
Well — so-long Lunk. I'll see you when you're paroled.

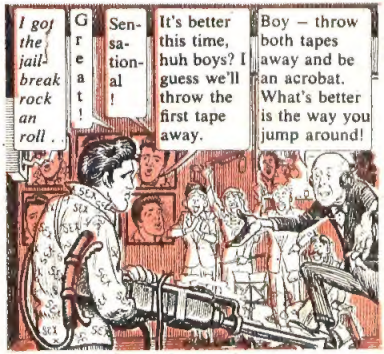


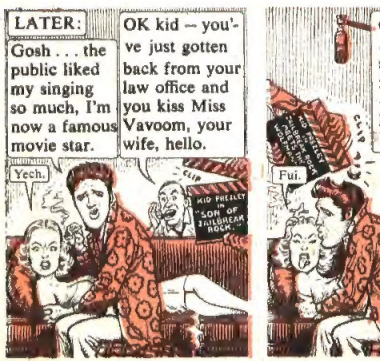

Here I am, free at last. Lunk was right. People *are* a lot worse outside.
I wish they wouldn't yell 'yah yah yah' every-time a police-man goes by.
LITTLE ROCK WELCOMES YOU
DON'T DRIVE CARELESSLY SCHOOL ZONE


LATER:
I'd like to make a recording to break into show business. Course I'm just an ignorant kid.
Now! Let's go on mike! Tape one with an echo in it.
I got the jailbreak rock an roll
The rock I break and crush
Cause I rolled a lush.
I got the jailbreak rock an roll.


Let's hear a playback, boys!
I got the jailbreak rock an roll.
Gosharootie . . . everyone is reading comics, sleeping, gagging . . . They liked it!
No no, kid! Try it again. This time act natural. Be your normal motorcycle-crazy-self.


Throw that tape away — let's try it again.
I got the jailbreak rock an roll
The rock I break an crush
Because I . . .
OK. Now let's play it back!


I got the jailbreak rock an roll.
Great!
Sensational!
It's better this time, huh boys? I guess we'll throw the first tape away.
Boy — throw both tapes away and be an acrobat. What's better is the way you jump around!


LATER:
Gosh . . . the public liked my singing so much, I'm now a famous movie star.
OK kid — you've just gotten back from your law office and you kiss Miss Vavoom, your wife, hello.
Yech.
CLIK
KID FRELLEY IN "SON OF JAILBREAK ROCK"

Come on, kids . . . let's put some feeling into this kiss — a little less snarling Miss Vavoom.
CLIK
Fui.

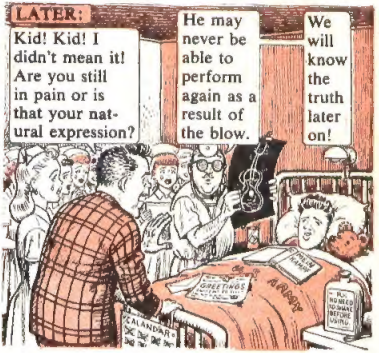
CLIK
CLIK
CLIK
CLIK

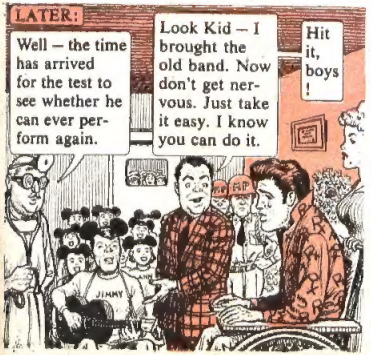
Chee – I really hated doing this scene with you, but that one kiss you gave me . . . my loathing has turned to ardent love. I've changed completely.
CLANK

Where will it all end. He sings – they go wacky! He kisses–they're his slave.
Maybe if he kissed Nikita Khrushchev – ?
OK everyone – get out! Run! We want to be alone.
CLIK

You stay Lunk. I need the seat!
Kid – since prison, success has gone to your head. You don't treat your friends nice anymore.
That is not true, Lunk!

Well – I'm going to give you a 'Hollywood beating,' the sound effects of which you'll never forget.
GUITAR SALES SOAR


LATER:
Kid! Kid! I didn't mean it! Are you still in pain or is that your natural expression?
He may never be able to perform again as a result of the blow.
We will know the truth later on!
CALENDARS


LATER:
Well – the time has arrived for the test to see whether he can ever perform again.
Look Kid – I brought the old band. Now don't get nervous. Just take it easy. I know you can do it.
Hit it, boys!
JIMMY

LATER:
He passes the test! He'll perform again!
Kid? Why are you jumping and gyrating? Did that hit in the throat destroy your singing voice?
Voice? It was the gyrating I couldn't do – you didn't hit me in the throat. You hit me foul!
I rocked a baker's window to get me a trial! It was the CLIK jail...

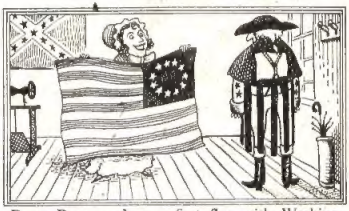
GEORGE WASHINGTON

No matter what the situation, he was always a gentleman. During the revolution, King George III referred to him as "that rotten bum in the U.S.A." to which G.W. replied, "Sticks and stones may break my bones but names can never harm me," in his gentlemanly way, "and go to H---!"

Contrary to popular belief, Washington *did* tell lies — but not on purpose. He needed eyeglasses.

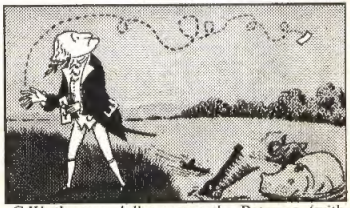
His calm was never ruffled by the snow and hardships of winter he suffered at Valley Forge.

At Battle of Princeton he assured victory by using undergrads in 'pantaloon raid' on British.



Betsy Ross made our first flag with Washington's personal guidance and great sacrifice.

Martha oft' embarrassed him when entertaining. But that's what it takes to start a candy business.



G.W. threw a dollar across the Potomac (with help of favorable wind). He never got it back.

Everybody is reading

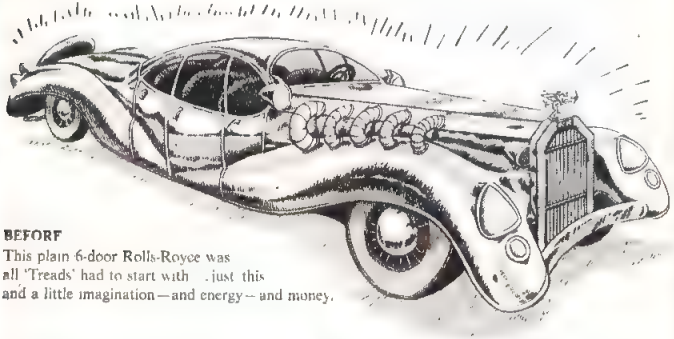
CAR MAGAZINES

We have now over a dozen magazines devoted to the automobile, clearly indicating a switching interest to cars by a sizeable portion of U. S. males away from lesser interests like girls and jobs. Here is what car-conscious America is reading.

CUSTOMIZING

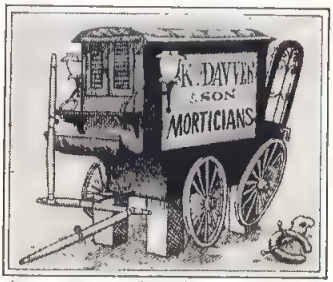
Your Car from Carbs to Shocks

Every rodder dreams of his own custom job; a car completely remodeled to suit his personality. Rally champ S. 'Treads' Mednick made his dream come true. 'Treads' wanted the old classic body look but with a modern "go-go-go" power plant under the hood. The following simple steps are all it took to give 'Treads' his piece of heaven.

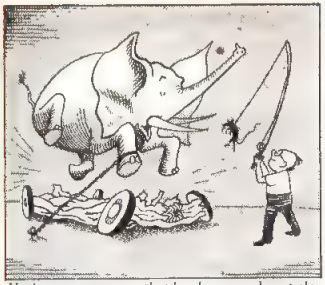


BEFORE
This plain 6-door Rolls-Royce was all 'Treads' had to start with . just this and a little imagination—and energy—and money.

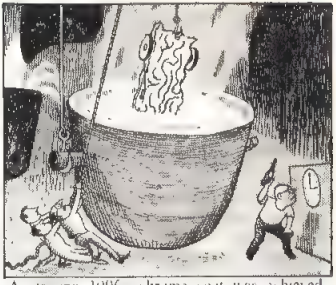
This classic '32 Mordant provided the framework for that old fashioned roadster look.



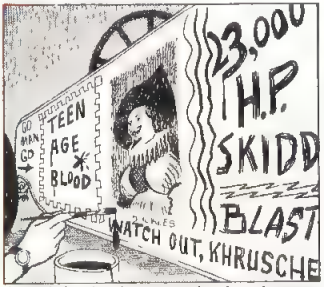
Spare parts came from this rare old Junker which his family had lying around up on blocks.



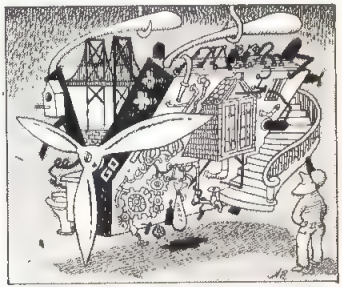
His first step was one that has become almost elementary with hotrodders — lowering the frame.



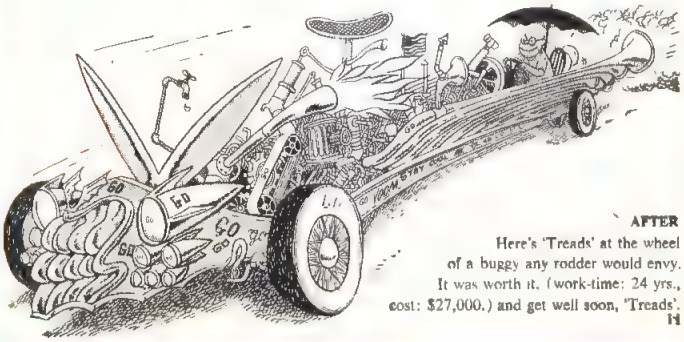
A striking 100% chrome coat was achieved by a quick dip. (A long dip ruins the tires)



A steady hand with a striping brush made everything sharp, dressy, and cooleroony, man.



Specially designed engine was assembled (Engine is not really big — Mechanic is midget)



AFTER

Here's 'Treads' at the wheel of a buggy any rodder would envy. It was worth it. (work-time: 24 yrs., cost: $27,000.) and get well soon, 'Treads'.

THE GREESE PIT

BY EDSEL "SOUPY" GREESE—*Address all questions to Mr. Greese, or to his assistant, Larry Siegel. Owing to the relatively small number of letters this department receives, Mr. Greese will only answer questions he makes up himself.*

Q. My friend is willing to give me his '57 Stude glove compartment from his '48 Chev to install in my '36 Pont, with the '55 Plym ash-trays, if I give him my wife. Is this a wise swap?

B. F.
Boise, Idaho

A. How can I possibly answer such a foolish question like that? You didn't give me the year of your wife.

●

Q. I am a normal American hot-rodder of 16. For years I have been infatuated with carburetors. I like to pick them up and take them for long walks. Every time I touch them and kiss them, I get funny, excited feelings. Recently, however, I bought an Italian Alfa-Romero car, with the most beautiful carb I've ever seen. This time it's more than infatuation; I'm in love. I want to marry my beautiful, shapely Italian auto carb. What, if any, will be our main adjustment problem?

Barnaby Sick
Baltimore, Md.

A. Working out your nationality differences.

●

Q. I sold my 4 rods: my '57 Chev with 270 hp and 120 mph max.; my '47 Chry with '49 Merc carbs and F.I.; my '36 Cad with '32 Plym gen.; and my '38 Pont with '23 Olds glov comp. What'll I do now?

M. G.
Wash., D.C.

A. U kn lrn 2 wrt 125 wpm.

●

Q. I am 14½. I have eight inch sideburns and always wear a leather jacket, even to bed. I'm in the third grade in school and I spit a lot. I have a nifty rod with four exhausts and six carbs. My car sounds like an H-bomb. To date I have run down and killed 12 people. My eyes are 20/400, 20/375. Why won't the motor bureau give me a driver's license?

Aristotle Mangieri
Salem, Ore.

A. Maybe they're anti-Semitic.

●

Q. I installed a '48 Merc motor, a '48 Merc gen, a '48 Merc carb, and '48 Merc shocks in a '48 Merc chassis. Because of this, all my hot rod friends punch my neck and ears. Is this fair?

H. F.
Augusta, Me.

A. Yes.

●

Q. I'm a big fan of the famous "100 Miles Per Hour Club." You know, the club in which all the members have to race 100 mph or more for 500 consecutive miles. Can you tell me the names and addresses of the club members, so I can send them little gifts?

G. W.
Ames, Iowa

A. Barney Sawyer, Plot 6, Row E, Hill of Eternal Rest, Ashton, N.C.; Marty Brown, c/o Widow Brown, RFD 1, Phoenix, Ariz.; and "Hoppy" Harwich, who since the Westfield Speedway explosion, is located in parts of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin.

●

Q. Where can I get the very latest photos of racer "Hoppy" Harwich?

Boris Blood
Trenton, N. J.

A. Write to Smash-Up Photos, Miscellaneous Anatomy Departments, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin branch offices.

ACCESSORIES from AIRLIFTS TO ZOOMUFFS

EASY INSTALLATION KIT

No spec. tool need

45,987 Pieces $1,294.00

Exclusive LITTLE BIG HORN

Deep-throated bull horn. Really big. Shatters windows, nerves, miles around. Mounts on special shock absorbers to prevent shaking car apart. Install easily. No special tools needed.

No 246 . . . . . $3.95

MUSI-CAPS

Hubcaps with pitch pipes play when air passes thru as car runs. Automatic pitch adjustment maintains even tempo regardless of car speed changes. Many top tunes available. Easy inst. Special tools un-needed.

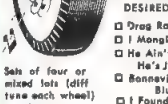
CHECK TUNES DESIRED—$1 ea.

- ☐ Drag Race Rag
- ☐ I Mangled a Merc.
- ☐ He Ain't Chicken—He's Just Daid
- ☐ Bonneville Flats Blues
- ☐ I Found The Miss In Linc

Sets of four or mixed lots (diff tune each wheel)

$2.50

Multi-Beam Headlight



Diffuses light. Fun. Blinds traffic in all directions (including low flying planes). To install easy. No special tool need

No. 1378 . . . . . $2.49

New, eye-catching WINDSHIELD ORNAMENTS

GIANT DICE

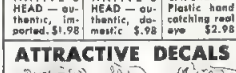
Cover entire windsh eld—holes clear thru allow driver vision. $2.98

SHRUNKEN NATIVE'S HEAD — authentic, imported. $1.98

FULL SIZE NATIVE'S HEAD — authentic, domestic $.98

REAL EYE-CATCHER — Plastic hand catching real eye $2.98

ATTRACTIVE DECALS



"THE JOKER" 3' x 5'

"NOT CHICKEN" 2' x 4"

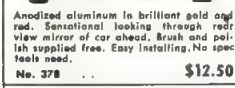
"SPEED KING" 2' x 4'

SPARKLING GRILLE

Anodized aluminum in brilliant gold and red. Sensational looking through rear view mirror of car ahead. Brush and polish supplied free. Easy installing. No spec. tools need.

No. 378 . . $12.50

Breathtakingly Realistic FLAME KIT



Not Just Decals!

Flames seem to swirl all over your car. Startling effect. Simple ingenious gadget does job. Small vaporizer ties directly into gas line. Spark plug ignites gas mist and flames billow over car. Easy installation. For like no special tools

No. 2465 $3.95

SPECIFY EXACT YEAR, MAKE AND MODEL WHEN ORDERING.

CONTROL MASTER

New easy car servicing. Electric operated pushbuttons obey every command. Wash windsh eld, lubricate bearings, change oil, clean carb, open trunk, open hood, replace plugs, switch tires, etc., all from inside car. Easily install. No special tool needs.

$23.49

"BACKSEAT" DRIVER

Control extensions for accelerator, steering, clutch, brake, make possible remote operation of car. Startles people who see empty front seat as car goes by (driver may be in back seat, trunk, under hood, on rear bumper, etc.). Installs with ease. Special tools un-needed.

No. 1378 $2.49

Something new on wheels

KRAZY WHEEL KOVERS

Heavy long wearing solid steel. Covers entire wheel, gives startling new ride sensation. Held in place by regular wheel lugs. Inst. easy. Tools special not need. Sets of four or mixed lots (diff design each wheel) . . . $22.00

exciting

STEERING TURRET

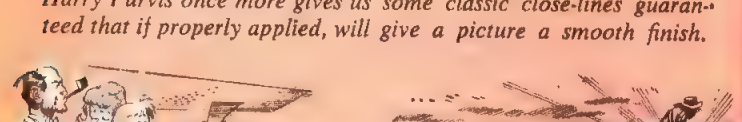
Made by U.S Air Force supplier. Cannon attaches to steering column, swivels to give excellent control at all times. Dummy shells provided for fun and safety. Installation easy. No need special tools.

RUSS HEATH

Each $21.95

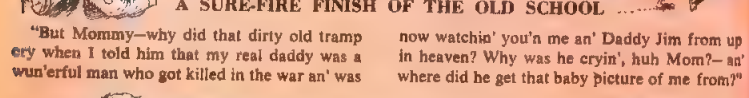
Order Now! SCEEDEEBAM & CO. Scadavoom 75, Calif.

Harry Purvis once more gives us some classic close-lines guaranteed that if properly applied, will give a picture a smooth finish.



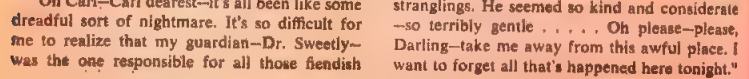
A SURE-FIRE FINISH OF THE OLD SCHOOL

"But Mommy—why did that dirty old tramp cry when I told him that my real daddy was a wun'erful man who got killed in the war an' was now watchin' you'n me an' Daddy Jim from up in heaven? Why was he cryin', huh Mom?— an' where did he get that baby picture of me from?"



A FIEND'S FINISH

"Oh Carl—Carl dearest—it's all been like some dreadful sort of nightmare. It's so difficult for me to realize that my guardian—Dr. Sweetly—was the one responsible for all those fiendish stranglings. He seemed so kind and considerate —so terribly gentle . . . . . Oh please—please, Darling—take me away from this awful place. I want to forget all that's happened here tonight."



BON VOYAGE

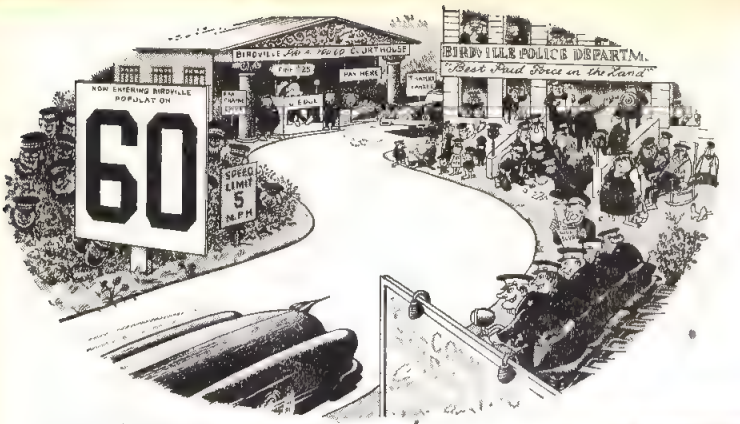
"They're out'a your clutches now, Vance Slade. They left on that last packet boat—and if you want'a know how they managed it—it was ME—ME who done it. Yes, Slade, I helped those two kids get away, and I'm glad I did—GLAD, do you hear?—cause it's the only decent thing I ever done in my whole life—they—they were in love—but you wouldn't know anything about that. Now go ahead and shoot, I'm no more good to no one anyhow—just a drunken, disbarred, old doctor who gave up any hope he ever had when he first came to this God forsaken hole. So go ahead and shoo----uhhhhh----thanks, Vance---yuh—yuh done me a favor---yuh--yuh gave me my freedom at last-----"

continued on page 33

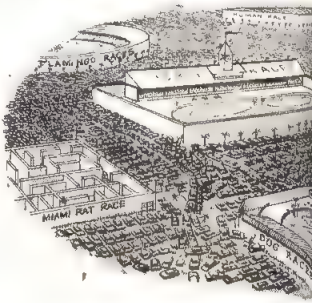
A winter haven of matchless splendor

MIAMI

The jewel city of the south beckons all who are winter weary to bask in the sunshine and enjoy its bounteous gifts. Visitors leave all care and worry, toil and strife behind. They need bring only their passport to happiness — money.



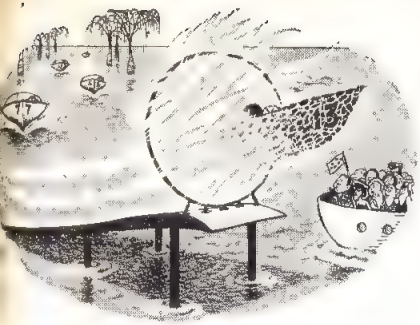
MOTORING TO MIAMI is rewarding-experience of meeting interesting townspeople on the way. It is rewarding mostly to these townspeople.



RACE TRACKS are most popular and there's one for every taste.

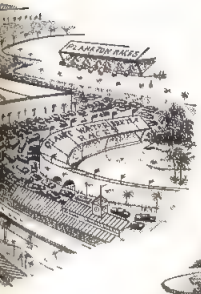
WATER SPORTS abound in Miami, often featuring incredible sights.

ALLIGATOR WRESTLING is the sport Miamians proudly claim is exclusively theirs.



SPEED BOATING of every sort imaginable keeps huge crowds thrilled and delighted.

FISHING is big, victories about evenly divided between fishermen and fish.



ROMANCE is Miami's real reason for being. The enchantment of tropical moonlight casts a magic spell that helps love triumph over all.

☆ ☆ ☆ THE HUMBUG AWARD ☆ ☆ ☆

Dedicated to those men who are slow on the draw, who shoot and sometimes miss, and who are sometimes scared, this page honors . . .

REAL OLD-TIME COWBOYS

HUMBUG HEROES OF MONTH

Thomas Savage *Jacob Hurley* JUDGES

A HUMBUG BOOK CONDENSATION

HERMAN WOOK'S

Marjorie Morningsun

This is the story of a beautiful girl who revolts against adult authority in West-side New York City ... falls for a bohemian adult in a West New York resort ... and becomes a mature adult in a West New York suburb. This novel proves what is popular today ... the Adult Western.

The story, written by the same author of
THE CANE MUTINY
has been condensed here by Larry Siegel.

Marjorie Morningsun, 17 and glowing, glanced at her watch that Saturday evening in 1933. George should be over in a half hour.

She put the finishing touches to her soft, auburn hair, and to her pretty face. She put the finishing touches to her dress, which nicely complimented her slim, shapely figure. She was ready to talk to her mother whom she would have liked to also put the finishing touches to.

continued

For once again, Mrs. Morningsun, in her old-fashioned possessive way, was waiting in her room across the hall to question Marjorie's every action. With a sigh, Marjorie crossed the hall.

When she walked in, she went directly to the familiar chair in the center of the room and sat down. The usual annoying lamp blazed directly into her face.

After a few moments of awkward silence, her mother's voice blurted out from the darkness behind the lamp: "You have a date tonight, is that correct?"

"You know perfectly well that I . . ." Marjorie began to say.

"Answer yes or no."

"Yes."

"Who with?"

"George . . . George Greene."

"How old is he?"

"Twenty or so, I guess."

"Does he have any relatives in Harrisburg?"

"Now, how would *I* know?"

"What's the matter, Harrisburg isn't good enough for his relatives."

"Mother, I didn't say that he . . ."

"I bet he's funny-looking. When his glasses slip a little from his eyes, does he push them back by wrinkling his nose?"

"Mother, HE DOESN'T WEAR GLASSES!"

"It doesn't matter. I don't like him anyhow."

"YOU DON'T LIKE HIM! You never even *met* him!"

"Do you like Hitler?"

"No, mother."

"Did you ever meet him?"

"No, but . . ."

"All right, I don't like George. And I never will. What does he do?"

"He's studying to be a doctor."

"He's a fine boy. You should marry him. Doctors are nice, rich, settled people."

Marjorie rose from her chair and measuring each word carefully said, "Mother, I have no intention of marrying George or anyone like him. He's nice and sweet, but dull and . . . and old-fashioned. Like you, I'm sorry to say. I wasn't going to tell you this yet, but I'm going to be an actress. As a matter of fact, I have a job on the acting staff of the Wild Wind resort this summer. And please don't try to stop me. I have no intention of becoming a common housewife and spending all my time inviting droves of relatives to the house for every silly holiday. Like you."

At that instant there was a knock on the door. "George is here!" Marjorie's father called from the foyer.

Marjorie swept out of the room leaving her mother gasping.

As Marjorie and George left the apartment, they almost ran head-on into her cousin Felix, his wife Susan; their four children; her grandmother; two great aunts; and three uncles; all of whom were just coming in for the holiday dinner.

"Happy Arbor Day, cousin Marjorie," said Felix.

* * *

Wild Wind! Just breathing the air at the exotic resort excited Marjorie. Her mother and her dull social life at home seemed non-existent.

"Hello," said a boy, walking up to her. Like the adolescents at college dances who were always asking for dates, he was gawky, with stooped shoulders, and he had a long nose set with thick glasses and a brace on his teeth. "My name is Wally Wrinkle. I'm talking to you now because I'll never get another chance this summer. Not after Noel Batman. He's already taken three girls from me and I've only been here a week. They tell me I may break a new season's record. In 1931 Noel took 19 girls from Hal Weston—and that was the year Noel had a broken arm."

Wally sighed and walked away.

Marjorie felt her heart pounding faster. How exciting Noel sounded. At that moment, Marsha, a girl she had met that morning, came striding up from the recreation hall.

"Marsha," said Marjorie, "who is this fellow Noel Batman? Is he handsome?"

"He's so handsome," said Marsha, "that if he lent 65% of his handsomeness to the second handsomest man in the world, he would still be handsomer, because the other man's former handsomeness was so much inferior to Noel's at the beginning that the added 65% of Noel's handsomeness would make the other, next to Noel only, moderately handsome. He's also intelligent, an excellent boxer, a fabulous dancer, a superb song-writer, a champion swimmer, a wonderful singer, a first-class sculptor, and the shrewdest manipulator of the Baltic Avenue gambit in Monopoly history."

Marjorie whistled softly.

"He's also very bohemian," said Marsha. "So watch your step. He dresses differently. He

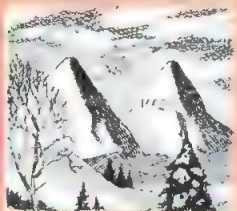
continued on page 38

SNOW SCULPTURE

With simple tools and light hearts thousands of fraternities and individuals enter the Humbug National Competition on Snow Sculpture. All of last year's runner's-up and winners have received their Humbug Snow-Job Trophies. To be eligible for this year's judging, see box on following page.

RUNNERS-UP

Low on the list of runners-up is "Narcissus" by self-centered Kisme Self, U.S.C., Kisme is one breathing.



Wash State U. did actual-size replica of Mt. Rainer, then gave it to state, so they'd have matching set.

S. Mednick, Antioch, criminology maj., did "Mayflower III"—disqualified when Mayflower II was found under snow.

Lincoln" by Benj. Davis IV, Gettysburg U., is incomplete. Benj. ran out of snow, says, "Wait'll next year."

Authenticity counted at Nostrum Theo. Sem. where snow pyramids were erected in manner prescribed by good book.

Beta Taka Nap Sorority, Fon-du-Lac Polytech, did classical "Rape of the Sabines" but got story twisted.

Architecture-minded Lee Corbuser did life-size replica of Manhattan, then got lost somewhere around Times Sq. Search parties await spring thaw before starting out.

"Battle Scene," composed of countless detailed figures, was combined effort of ROTC groups from several divinity colleges. Now turn page for National Grand Prize winner!

THE WINNER *of the National Snow-Job Trophy*

National Grand Prize of Snow-Job Trophy goes to Watsa Gamma Ray frat (Los Alamos U.) whose monumental work was titled "Where Did You Go?" "Out" "What Did You Do?" "Nothin But Shiver!"

ENTRY BLANK: HUMBUG INTERCOLLEGIATE SNOW JOB CONTEST

RULES:

1. Only individuals or groups can enter
2. Photo of Snow-Job must accompany entry
3. Written descriptions unaccompanied by photo unacceptable. Slightly higher west of Rockies
4. Entries will not be returned but will be passed out to less creative schools next winter
5. Photos of winning entries will be published as soon as judging is completed

NAME (Group or individual) _____

SCHOOL _____

CITY _____ **STATE** _____

SUBMITTED BY (Individual, group pres. or keeper) _____

(Don't forget photos, cheaters)

continued from page 20

talks differently. He eats differently. He's very philosophical. Don't ever be surprised at anything he does or says, at ANY TIME. And here's an important thing to remember: HE'S AGAINST EVERYTHING!"

THIS had been the man that Marjorie had been dreaming of.

"Speak of the devil," said Marsha. "Here he comes now. Would you like to meet him?"

Marjorie's "Yes" got stuck in her throat.

As he drew closer Marjorie saw that he WAS as handsome as Marsha said he was. He had an attractively thin, sensitive face, a mop of red hair that flopped over his forehead completely hiding his eyes, and a slim athlete's build. He was wearing a turtle-neck sweater with a hole in each sleeve. He had on unmatched socks encased in purple velvet shoes with thick gum soles.

"Noel," said Marsha, "this is Marjorie Morningsun."

Noel feinted with a left jab at Marjorie's stomach. Automatically, she dropped her hands to protect herself. He followed with a right cross to her chin that snapped her head around.

As she rubbed her jaw, he said, "Always keep your chin covered. Now before I'll let you kiss me, we'll go into the social hall, where I'll sing, play, dance, act, and stage my entire new musical play, 'Jones Jones,' for you. After that we'll sit near the lake and play 'Actors and Actresses initials,' using only Swedish film stars; and then we'll watch the sun come up over ostrich navels and eggs at a little all-night Sudanese restaurant in town."

Marjorie walked off with Noel on a cloud of delicious unreality.

* * *

The rest of the summer was one romantic dream for her. She was hopelessly in love with Noel. And while he was against marriage, against love, and against happiness, he admitted that he hated Marjorie less than anyone he had ever known.

Their love (that is, Marjorie's love and Noel's "subdued hate") carried over into New York City.

He took her to cocktail parties in Greenwich Village, where she met artists with goatees who were admitted only if they had proof that they had never sold a painting. Marjorie and Noel would then go to candlelit cellars and sit cross-legged on the floor, sipping espresso and giving each other ink-blot tests.

They would also go for long walks in the park with his pet tapir, and he would read 15th Century shopping lists to her, which he translated into Turkish from the original Greek.

One day in his apartment, Marjorie happened to say, "Noel, I realize that you're against working, just as you're against everything else. But shouldn't you be doing SOMETHING? If just to keep yourself busy. Something IMPORTANT."

He didn't talk to her for four months after that.

* * *

Then one night he unexpectedly burst into her apartment (which she had taken against her mother's wishes) at 3:00 a.m. and shouted, "Marjorie, I found it!"

"Found what, Noel?" asked Marjorie, sleepily.

"The answer to life. Listen, what is the ultimate goal of Mankind? Communication, right? Which, of course, I'm against. Communication, in turn, leads to brotherhood, which I'm also against. However, put the two together and what do you have? Communicative brotherhood, or brotherly communication. Which I'm also against, but with mild againstness. So that's why I'm going to do it."

"Do what, Noel?" asked Marjorie, puzzled.

"Do what? My God! Are you *blind?* Translate the Manhattan phone book into German, of course."

* * *

Marjorie didn't hear from Noel for two and a half years, during which time she thought she'd go out of her mind. Then suddenly at 3:30 one morning he called her. "Marjorie," he said, excited. "Turn to Page 1183 in your Manhattan phone book."

Bewildered, Marjorie did so.

"Now go up 35 lines in the right column. What do you find?"

"Henry Miller, FOrest 3-8924."

"Good. Now, listen to this, Marjorie. Listen and don't speak: *Heinrich Mueller, WAld dreiocht, nein, zwei, vier.* Did you hear that? And believe me, Marjorie, this is only the beginning."

"Noel," said Marjorie, "it's beautiful."

* * *

He didn't call again for a year. During that time, Marjorie was so upset she lost 15 pounds.

Then, unexpectedly, one day, she came across him sitting on a bench in Central Park. "Noel," said Marjorie, sitting down next to him, "where have you *been?* I worried myself sick. What

continued

about the German phone book?"

"Oh, I gave that up months ago," said Noel. "Now, even though I'm against it, I think I'll get married."

"To whom . . . I mean . . ." stammered Marjorie, excited. "I mean . . . you and I . . . that is . . ."

"No, Marjorie," said Noel, "not to you. I'll never marry a girl who cheats."

"Cheats!" shouted Marjorie. "Why, I've never even *looked* at another man since I met you."

"I don't mean that way," said Noel. "I mean, who cheats in a much *worse* way. Remember that last double feature we saw at that art theatre? You know, the Portuguese film and the Hindustani film?"

"Yes," said Marjorie, "I remember."

"Well, I watched you, and I caught you. Three times you looked at the English titles! YOU CHEATED!"

With that Noel rose and walked out of her life forever.

* * *

For three nights Marjorie couldn't sleep, but strangely enough on the fourth day she completely forgot Noel. She suddenly realized that what she *really* wanted was what her mother wanted her to want: a normal home, children, and a nice, rich, settled husband, and without further ado, she packed her things and took a cab to Central Park West.

She burst into the apartment, just as her mother was serving dinner to her father, her brother, two aunts, eleven cousins, four uncles, and a niece.

"Hello, everybody," said Marjorie. "And Happy Groundhog Day."

* * *

Wally Wrinkle's Diary
(19 Years Later)

October 29, 1957

Today I looked up somebody whom I haven't seen in more than 20 years. Marjorie Morningsun. That is the *former* Marjorie Morningsun. She's married now, with three children, and lives in New Rochelle.

Marjorie is quite different from the pretty, excited kid with crazy ideas and star dust in her eyes, whom I met at Wild Wind. Oh, she's still pretty, but her hair is gray and she looks—well, settled. Just like any other 40-year-old conservative suburban housewife married to a doctor.

I felt quite at ease in her large comfortable conservative house, talking to her and to her handsome children.

She said that her husband was playing handball, but that he should be back soon to mow the lawn.

"You know, Marjorie," I said, "never in a million years did I ever dream you would wind up like this. You, with the wild ideas you used to have about boy friends. If I would have known you'd finally marry an ordinary conservative guy—a doctor, of all things—I would never have given you up to Noel so soon at Wild Wind."

She laughed in that pretty way that only Marjorie could laugh.

It was then that her husband walked in, wearing a gray sweat-shirt, and torn black and white sneakers in very conservative fashion. He was very cordial, offering me some of his fine liquor.

After that he took their youngest boy for a ride around the house on his shoulders. Then he excused himself because he had some work to do.

When I was ready to leave, Marjorie walked with me outside to the porch. As we got there I heard a sound of crashing glass inside the house.

"That's my husband," she said, smiling. "His laboratory's in the east wing. Sometimes he gets noisy."

I smiled. Marjorie now reminded me of every wife of every doctor I had ever known. Gentle, patient, loyal, conservative, and most of all . . . proud.

I said goodbye and started down the walk to my car. As I turned to wave, a strange figure, clutching a smoking test-tube, darted from the house and went crashing into the bushes.

If I can recall from that short instant, he had a grotesque primeval face and I'm sure he was wearing a gray sweat-shirt and torn black and white sneakers.

Murmuring something about an antidote, Marjorie left me and hurried back into the house.

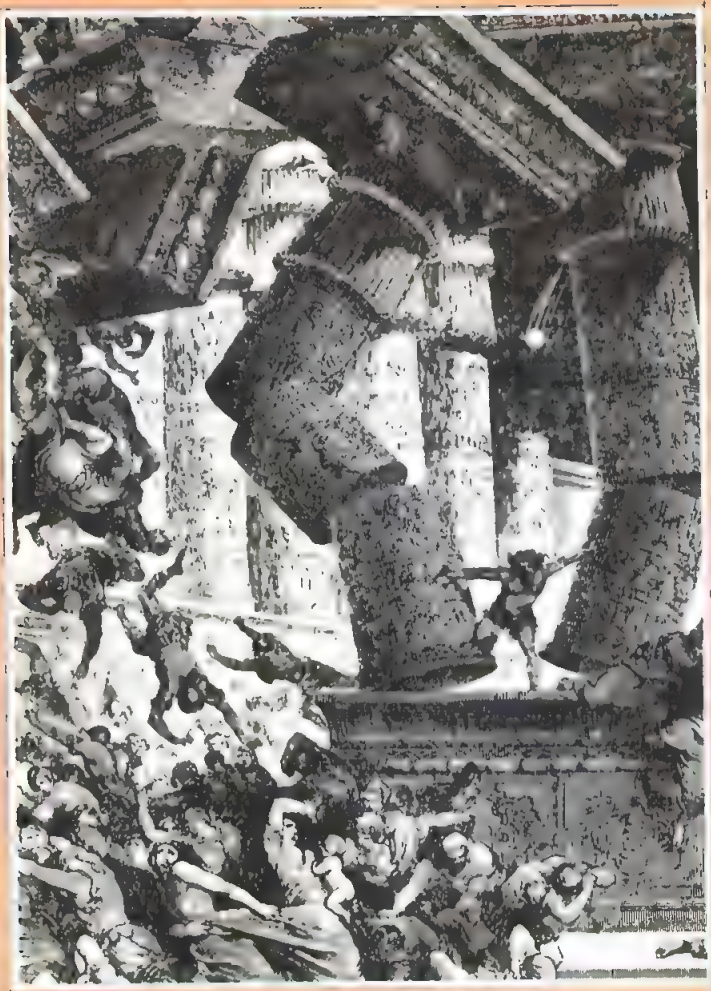
I took one last look at the neat New Rochelle house with its gleaming white shutters, its trimmed, landscaped lawn, and I thought to myself, "How nice it was to see Marjorie a conservative mother of three children and the wife of a rich, average, settled doctor."

My car swept down the drive past the conservative mailbox, neatly lettered, "Henry Jekyll, M.D." and out of Marjorie's normal life forever.

OLD SPUTNIK PRINTS

We have found dramatic evidence that science fiction is not new to the world by any means. It is amazing how for over 50 years science fiction artists have been illustrating predictions of rocket travel through space. We were recently rooting around an old book-store and imagine our surprise when we came across these drawings of the Sputnik that were almost 100 years old.

Huge multitudes are thrown into despair on seeing enemy nation space satellite.



On seeing the foreign satellite, the anger of some is great.

Attempts to return human crews to earth from the satellite machine fail.

An exhausted satellite machine falls to earth.

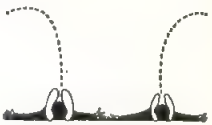
TV CHOREOGRAPHY

When TV dancers are dancing, they're telling a story. When these serious stories are being danced, the viewer must pay attention to every motion . . . because every little movement has a meaning all its own—and some others, too.

A GLOSSARY OF DANCE TERMS

MEET

LOVE



SLEEP

ARGUE

HAPPINESS

HATE

FEAR

SICK

SPRINGTIME

YOUTH

HEALTH

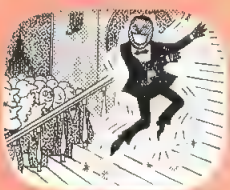
STUMBLE

Now, with the basic steps in mind, you can appreciate an actual TV dance—not a *plain* dance — but a story-telling ART of the dance.

That's not the art of the dance.

That's not the art of the dance!

That's not the art of the dance!



Feh! That's plain tap dance.

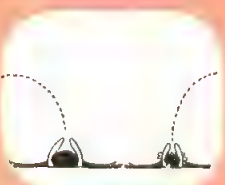
Ah! Here we are. Boy MEET girl.

One quick look and it's LOVE.

Birds sing. It is SPRINGTIME.

And they are gay and YOUTHful...

...and bright and HEALTHy...



...and they are SLEEP!

But soon they start to ARGUE.

He realizes he HATE her...

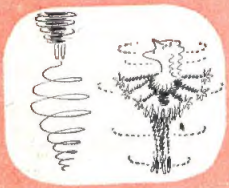
...and she HATE him right back.

She has FEAR and he Has FEAR.

The viewers are getting SICK.

They plan suicide (by dancing).

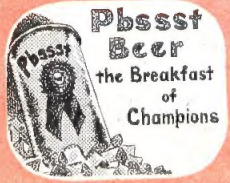
They twirl 'round and round and...



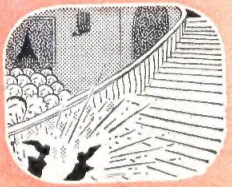
...so fast that he takes off!

He returns to keep his vow!

She's the winner in time for...



...the commercial and then the...



...grand finale. The end, man!

continued from page 14

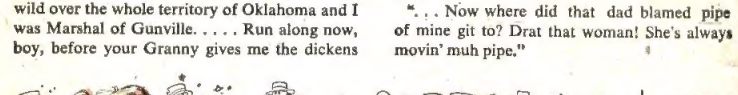
THE PROPHESY

"No, Magumbo – your people are not yet ready for their independence–but someday–soon–they will be. Until that happy occasion arrives, remember this–NOTHING WORTHWHILE IS EASILY ATTAINED. Oh–make no mistake–it won't be easy. It'll be a hard, tough road, but someday–maybe not in our time –the Zamboozies will have earned the right to rule themselves–and when that time arrives–if it ever does–they will stand side by side with the other nations of the world in this–THE GREAT COMMONWEALTH OF MAN!"

GRAMPS CONCLUDES HIS PACK OF LIES

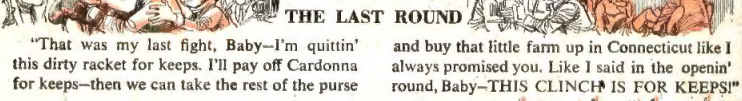
". . . . . and that's how it was, Tad–back in the days when the Fleming boys was runnin' wild over the whole territory of Oklahoma and I was Marshal of Gunville. . . . . Run along now, boy, before your Granny gives me the dickens for fillin' your head with my yarns. Run along, boy. . ."

". . . Now where did that dad blamed pipe of mine git to? Drat that woman! She's always movin' muh pipe."



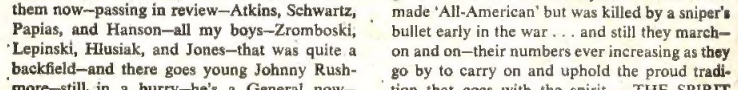
THE LAST ROUND

"That was my last fight, Baby–I'm quittin' this dirty racket for keeps. I'll pay off Cardonna for keeps–then we can take the rest of the purse and buy that little farm up in Connecticut like I always promised you. Like I said in the openin' round, Baby–THIS CLINCH IS FOR KEEPS!"



MARCHING OFF

"Did I have any children of my own? Why yes, son–I've had thousands–all boys. I can see them now–passing in review–Atkins, Schwartz, Papias, and Hanson–all my boys–Zromboski, Lepinski, Hlusiak, and Jones–that was quite a backfield–and there goes young Johnny Rushmore–still in a hurry–he's a General now–made a name for himself in the Italian campaign . . . and still they come–Cohen–Kelly–Rodriguez–he's not with us anymore–would have made 'All-American' but was killed by a sniper's bullet early in the war . . . and still they march–on and on–their numbers ever increasing as they go by to carry on and uphold the proud tradition that goes with the spirit-----THE SPIRIT OF THE POINT!"



BUSHY PULLS THROUGH

"Warn't nothin' but a li'l ole runty dog nohow –but I reckon as how I loved him, Pappy. Yes sir, Pappy, I reckon I loved that li'l ole runty dog with all my–LOOK! He's movin'! He's gonna' be all right! That bullet from Jeb Hardin's gun must'a jest grazed him! Ole Bushy's gonna' be all right, Pappy! OLE BUSHY'S GONNA' BE ALL RIGHT!"

Sincerely, D.D. EISENHOWER
Lifetime Invitation to Mike Todd's Parties!
• PERMIT • FOREVER TO RAISE VOICE, ARGUE, TO BEHAVE BADLY AT ANYTIME IN THE STORK CLUB
RESERVED FIRST CITIZENSHIP PAPERS OF THE MOON
HUMBUG!
NEXT TO YOU PRINCE GROSSINGER GOT EVERYTHING JENNY
I SHADE STOCK MY FAIR LADY
GIFT FROM MARILYN MONROE
PERFECT GAME 1956 • ART LANSOW
KEYS TO ATOM KREPC CADILLAC
1ST PRIZE
PERMANENT INSPECTION PERMIT OF SOVIET INDUST
Elder.

FOR THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING

For this kind of man, Humbug makes a fine present or practical joke. For a gift to yourself or to "the man who has everything," why not give HUMBUG. Then again, why?

PLEASE ENTER MY SUBSCRIPTION TO HUMBUG. I AM ENCLOSING $2.00 FOR THE NEXT FOURTEEN ISSUES.

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STREET_____

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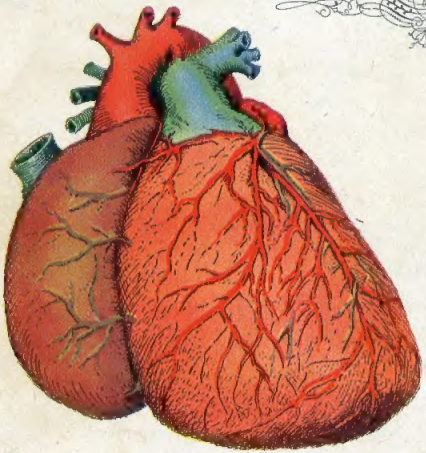
SEND TO HUMBUG, 598 MADISON AVE., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

A HUMBUG VALENTINE BONUS

Here is My Heart



Hold It Forever

A Cut-Out Valentine for your loved one.

Here, at last, for the price of the magazine, is a free Valentine card . . . a tender sentiment you can clip out, fill in, and send off to the one you love—unrequitedly—and no wonder . . .